

# Requiem

By Alan Markun

All shall go down  
All shall go under  
All shall forget.

Will not next year's spring  
remain a-bloom?  
And shall not the tawny leaves  
defy those autumn winds?  
Nay, not so, they shall all go down  
They shall all go under  
They shall all forget.  
Breathe brief moment  
while we yet exist.  
For the darkness shall cast  
all asunder,  
And the madness of crazy time  
twist all into a myth.  
Yea, we shall all go down  
We shall all go under  
We shall all forget.